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Kelly. H.

Malone. B. 61.

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L'Amour A-la-Mode:

OR,

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

A

FARCE

IN

THREE ACTS.

LONDON:
Printed for WILLIAM JOHNS, in Fleet-Street.
MDCCLX.
[Price One Shilling.]

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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PROLOGUE.

SO fam'd for comic Authors is our Age,
He's bold, that brings a Piece upon the Stage.
Lord! what Profuſion of true attic Wit,
Is now requir'd to pleaſe the critic Pit;
If Poets ſwerve but from a ſingle Rule,
They damn the Piece, and cry the Man's a Fool:
That Court with Rigour judges ev'ry Bard,
And then to pleaſe the Boxes is as hard.
The Cit, who for his Place two Shillings pays,
Is ſtill as ready full to bleſt our Bays;
But ſhould we pleaſe the Reſt, alas! tis odds—
We never ſhall find Favour with the Gods;
Their Thunders oft are darted from on high,
And ſometimes threaten the poor Player's Eye:
We find it, be our Play or good or bad,
Hard to Pit, Box, and Gallery, egad.
With ſuch Succeſs ſome favourite Bards have writ,
They ſcarce have left the Reſt one Grain of Wit;
'Tis almoſt grown impoſſible to glean
And gather Matter for a ſingle Scene.
To theſe great Genius's our Author bows,
Reſpects the Laurels that adorn their Brows;
But hopes your Favour, ſince 'tis all his Aim
To imitate, not rival them, in Fame.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir WILLIAM FAINLOVE.

Sir ARTHUR HARDY.

SHIFTWELL, *Valet to Sir* WILLIAM.

SPEED, *Valet to Sir* ARTHUR.

WOMEN.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lady MANNERS.

PHILLIS.

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Love A-La-Mode.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Phillis, *Sir* William, *and* Speed.

PHILLIS.

LORD, Sir *William*, your Indifference ſurprizes me; if you don't take great Care you will certainly loſe my Miſtreſs. I may be miſtaken, but I'm afraid you'll find it too true.

Sir WILLIAM.

I am as much afraid as you, *Phillis*; but how is it poſſible for me to prevent the Misfortune which threatens me?

SPEED.

So the bad News is confirm'd, Mrs. *Phillis*.

PHILLIS.

Confirm'd! ay, I can anſwer for that: Sir *Arthur* never ſtirs from her a Moment; he diverts her, he flatters her, he ſpeaks to her in whiſpers, ſhe ſmiles; and he may win her Heart at laſt if he has not won it already. This, Sir *William*, gives me great Uneaſineſs, as I have a

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particular Eſteem for you. Beſides, Sir *William*, you know 'tis to be a Match between *Speed* and I, and if you ſhould not marry my Miſtreſs we'll be in a terrible Quandary.

SPEED.

Mrs. *Phillis*, there you're right, 'twould be a great Concern to me if my Maſter and I ſhould be forced to keep different Houſes; he is ſo worthy a Gentleman that I'm uneaſy whenever I'm obliged to quit him, if 'tis but to go a Street's length.

PHILLIS.

But what puts me quite to a Nonplus is, that I ſee my Lady ſhuns me.

SPEED.

A very bad Sign indeed, Mrs. *Phillis*; and what does that impudent Rogue *Shiftwell* ſay?

PHILLIS.

He makes love to me, I aſſure you, but I take Care to keep the Fellow at a Diſtance.

Sir WILLIAM.

I am in the utmoſt Deſpair; I ſhall die, I can never ſurvive it.

SPEED.

Lord, Sir, don't talk of dying, that would ſpoil all, let's rather think of ſome Stratagem.

PHILLIS.

I ſee my Lady coming, ſhe's alone, leave me a Moment, Sir *William*, I am reſolv'd to ſound her, and when I know her real Sentiments I'll give a faithful Account of them.

Sir WILLIAM.

Phillis, I depend upon your Addreſs and Fidelity.

SPEED.

Mrs. *Phillis*, be ſure to give that Rogue *Shiftwell* his own.

PHIL-

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PHILLIS. [*Exit* Speed.

Oh leave that to me.

SCENE II. *Enter* LADY CHANGELOVE.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I was looking for you, *Phillis*; who were you ſpeaking to? I thought I ſaw ſomebody go out.

PHILLIS.

'Twas Sir *William*, Madam, he has juſt left me.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

He's the very Man I was going to enquire about; what does he ſay, *Phillis?*

PHILLIS.

Why, Madam, he ſays he has no Reaſon to be ſatisfied with your Ladyſhip's Treatment of him, and I believe he's in the right, Madam, what does your Ladyſhip think?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

So he ſtill loves me.

PHILLIS.

Love you, Madam, your Ladyſhip knows he was never inconſtant; don't you love him, Madam?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lord how you talk, *Phillis*; do you think I ever loved him in ſober Sadneſs? I eſteem'd him with a Preference, and to eſteem a Man with a Preference is not loving him; it may perhaps lead to Love, but it is by no means Love, downright Love, *Phillis.*

PHILLIS.

And yet I have heard your Ladyſhip ſay, that he was the fineſt Gentleman in the World.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

That may be.

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PHILLIS.

I have ſeen you impatient for his coming.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

That's becauſe I am naturally of an impatient Temper.

PHILLIS.

I have known you expreſs great Uneaſineſs at his not coming.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

All that's very true, I told you already, and I tell you again that I diſtinguiſh'd him; but I had no Sort of Engagement with him, and as I know he talks with you ſometimes, and that you think I love him, I came to deſire you to exert your Addreſs, in Order to make him quit me, without giving himſelf any unneceſſary Trouble.

PHILLIS.

And your Ladyſhip does all this in Favour of Sir *Arthur*, who has no Merit but a little Levity, and ſome unmeaning Sallies, that divert you. Lord, how inconſtant your Ladyſhip is! how can you be falſe! all the World will reproach you with it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Well, let the World call me falſe if it will, I am very eaſy about that. Let People upbraid me as much as they pleaſe with Inconſtancy and Falſehood, ſuch Words are only Scarecrows to terrify weak Minds, and have obtain'd in the World only becauſe People never took the Trouble to enquire into their Meaning.

PHILLIS.

Lord, Madam, what Doctrine is this? why this is profeſſing a perfect Libertine: O Lord, is it nothing to break an Engagement, to be falſe and inconſtant?

Lady

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Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lord, *Phillis*, what an Idiot you are! I tell you that in Love-Affairs, the Heart that makes a thouſand deceitful Vows does its Duty; and when it breaks a thouſand Vows, it does its Duty again. It is actuated by a natural Inſtinct, and could not poſſibly have other Sentiments. What a ſtrange Lecture have you made? Inconſtancy is ſo far from being a Crime, that when a Woman finds herſelf diſpos'd to change, ſhe ſhould do it without heſitating a Moment, for otherwiſe ſhe would be obliged to impoſe upon her Lover by a counterfeit Paſſion.

PHILLIS.

Your Ladyſhip reaſons ſo well upon the Subject, that I really begin to think you are in the right; I almoſt think Inconſtancy may be a Duty.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Almoſt think! you ſhould be convinc'd of it, *Phillis*. Nothing is more certain than that Inconſtancy is as eſſential to Love-Affairs as to every Thing elſe, without it we ſhould never enjoy the Pleaſures of Novelty.

PHILLIS.

I am ſo well ſatisfied with your Ladyſhip's Reaſonings, that I begin to deliberate whether I ſhall not be oblig'd to be guilty of a Breach of Faith myſelf.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Sir *William* is a ſtrange ſort of a Man to think, that becauſe he loves me I muſt look at Nobody but himſelf: Muſt Nobody elſe be allow'd to ſee that I am beautiful and young? Muſt I be a Centenarian in the Eyes of every Man beſides? Muſt I bury all my Charms and confine myſelf to a ſad Sterility of Pleaſure?

PHIL-

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PHILLIS.

No doubt, Madam, this is what he aims at.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Thus theſe Gentlemen would have us live; if we were to be ruled by them we ſhould perſuade ourſelves that there is but one Man in the Univerſe; all the reſt ſhould be dead to us, and we ſhould be dead to them; and though our natural Vanity does not find its Account in this, they never trouble their Heads about that. They think it ſufficient for our Pride to have a ſingle Captif, we ſhould take up with one and have Patience. What an Abuſe is this. Go, go, *Phillis*, no more of your Scruples, talk to Sir *William*, and let him know my Sentiments; when the Men have a Mind to forſake us, they do it without Ceremony. Does not every Day give us glaring Proofs of their Conſtancy? Should they be more priviledg'd in this Reſpect than we? You jeſt when you talk ſo much of Sir *Arthur*, he loves me but I don't like him; I ſhall do no Sort of Violence to my Inclinations.

PHILLIS.

Very well, Madam, now that I have receiv'd your Ladyſhip's Inſtructions, I'll leave forſaken Lovers to lament their Misfortunes alone, I am perfectly cured of my Compaſſion for them.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

'Tis not but that I eſteem Sir *William*, but what we eſteem often grows tireſome. Here he comes, I'll avoid the Complaints that I know he is preparing for me; avail yourſelf of this Opportunity to deliver me from his troubleſome Addreſſes.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Sir WILLIAM, *Lady* CHANGELOVE, PHILLIS, *and* SPEED.

[*Sir* William *ſtopping Lady* Changelove.

What, Madam, do you fly me?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! Sir *William*, is it you? I did not avoid you, I was juſt going.

Sir WILLIAM.

I intreat you, Madam, to give me one Moment's Audience.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

It muſt then be but an Inſtant, for I expect Company.

Sir WILLIAM.

If any comes, you will be inform'd, in the mean Time give me Leave to talk of my Paſſion.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Is that all? Lord, Sir *William*, I have your Paſſion by rote; pray what would your Paſſion be at?

Sir WILLIAM.

Alas! Madam, from the Manner in which you hear me, I ſee very plainly that my coming is diſagreeable to you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I deal plainly, your Prelude is not very promiſing.

Sir WILLIAM.

How unhappy am I! I have loſt your Heart, you reduce me to Deſpair.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Sir *William*, When will you lay aſide that whining Tone, and that diſmal Air?

Sir WILLIAM.

Muſt I ſtill love you, notwithſtanding the cruel Anſwers which you make me?

Lady

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Lady CHANGELOVE.

With what an Air you pronounce that? Sir *William*, you would have made an admirable Hero of a Romance.

Sir WILLIAM.

What Ingratitude is this!

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You'll find this Stile will hardly reclaim me. [Speed *sighs.* Your Melancholy, Sir *William*, is ſo contagious that it has infected even your Footman. I hear him groan.

SPEED.

Indeed your Lady I can't but condole with my Maſter's Misfortune.

Sir WILLIAM.

Nothing but the Greatneſs of my Reſpect could prevent me from expreſſing the utmoſt Indignation.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

And what may be the Occaſion of this Anger, Sir *William?* Pray what do you complain of? is it of your Paſſion for me? I am not accountable for this, 'tis not a Crime to appear amiable to you; or is it of the Paſſion which you would have me inſpired with, and which I do not feel? I am not blameable in this either; if Love did not come of itſelf you might wiſh it ſhould, but to come and reproach me for not loving you, is by no Means reaſonable. The Sentiments of your Heart ſhould not preſcribe a Law to mine. Conſider the Thing well; you look upon a Return of Love as a Debt, but 'tis by no Means ſuch. You may ſigh, Sir *William*, as much as you pleaſe. I have no Right to hinder you, but don't inſiſt upon my ſighing in my Turn. Conſider that your Sighs don't oblige me to accompany them with

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with mine, nor even to take Pleaſure in them. I formerly could endure them, but I muſt tell you that they are beginning to grow tireſome, ſo regulate your Conduct accordingly. Sir *William*, your Servant.

Sir WILLIAM.

One Word more, Madam. You have then ceas'd to love me.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Ha, ha, ha. That's pleaſant. I really don't remember that I ever did love you.

Sir WILLIAM.

Indeed then I promiſe you that I will forget that you ever did.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

If you do you will forget but a Dream.

SCENE IV.

Sir WILLIAM, SPEED, *and* PHILLIS.

Sir WILLIAM.

Perfidious Woman! Stay, *Phillis*.

SPEED.

The Lady's Example, I muſt own, is very edifying.

Sir WILLIAM.

Phillis, you have ſpoke of me to your Miſtreſs; I know her Sentiments but too well; but no Matter, what did ſhe ſay to you in private?

PHILLIS.

I have not Time to inform you, Sir, my Lady expects Company, and perhaps ſhe may want me.

SPEED.

Mind her Anſwer, Sir.

Sir WILLIAM.

What, *Phillis*, do you abandon me too?

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SPEED.

What, Mrs. *Phillis*, are you a Jilt too?

Sir WILLIAM.

Speak, what Reaſon does ſhe give?

PHILLIS.

Oh, very ſtrong ones, Sir, I muſt own; Fidelity, it ſeems, is no Virtue, and 'tis better to be without it. Beauty, at this Rate, is of no Worth; a Woman muſt have Eyes but for one Man, and all others muſt be dead to her. This is burying one's ſelf alive,—this is burying one's ſelf alive. Vanity does not find its Account in it; one might as well be a Centinarian. 'Tis not but her Ladyſhip eſteems you; but what one eſteems ſometimes grows tireſome.

Sir WILLIAM.

What ſtrange Diſcourſe this is!

SPEED.

Theſe Words bode us no Good.

Sir WILLIAM.

Explain yourſelf, *Phillis*.

PHILLIS.

What, don't you underſtand me? why then, Sir *William*, my Lady eſteems you with a Preference.

Sir WILLIAM.

Do you mean that I am belov'd?

PHILLIS.

By no Means; that may conduct to Love, but it is not Love.

Sir WILLIAM.

I can make nothing of all this: Does your Lady love Sir *Arthur*?

PHILLIS.

He is a very agreeable Man.

Sir

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Sir WILLIAM.

And what does your Lady ſay of me?

PHILLIS.

That you are a very agreeable Man too: Do you underſtand me now?

Sir WILLIAM.

I am diſtracted.

SPEED.

And pray, Mrs. *Phillis*, how do I ſtand in your Favours?

PHILLIS.

I eſteem you with a Preference.

SPEED.

What muſt you give yourſelf theſe airs too, Mrs. *Phillis*?

SCENE V.

Sir WILLIAM, SPEED, *and Lady* MANNERS.

SPEED.

We have got both of us odd Sort of Miſtreſſes; is not it ſo, Maſter?

Sir WILLIAM.

I am almoſt in Deſpair.

SPEED.

I believe I ſhall hang myſelf.

[*Lady* Manners *entering.*

You ſeem to be under great Concern, Sir *William.*

Sir WILLIAM.

Alas! Madam, I am betray'd, abandon'd, eſteem'd with a Preference.

Lady MANNERS.

I ſuppoſe, Sir *William*, that you have Lady *Changelove* in View.

Sir WILLIAM.

Your Ladyſhip is in the right.

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Lady MANNERS.

I ſhould be glad to have a little private Converſation with you, Sir *William*.

Sir WILLIAM.

With all my Heart, I even wanted to talk with you upon what has juſt happen'd.

Lady MANNERS.

Order your Servant to wait at a Diſtance, that he may apprize us, if any one ſhould come.

Sir WILLIAM.

Speed, go and take Care to give us Notice if any one ſhould come this Way.

SPEED.

Lord help us! we are all at our Wit's End, for Sir *Arthur*, Madam, it ſeems, is no better than Lady *Changelove* and Mrs. *Phillis*, and ſo our three Hearts are out of Place.

Sir WILLIAM.

Go, Sirrah, leave us. [*Exit* Speed.

SCENE VI.

Sir WILLIAM *and Lady* MANNERS.

Lady MANNERS.

It ſeems, Sir *William*, we are both forſaken.

Sir WILLIAM.

Alas! Madam, you ſee we are.

Lady MANNERS.

Can you think of no Expedient upon this Occaſion?

Sir WILLIAM.

No; I don't ſee that we have any Hopes, we are utterly abandon'd. How ill we placed our Affections, Madam! why was not I your Lover?

Lady MANNERS.

Well, Sir *William*, you may be ſo ſtill.

Sir

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Sir WILLIAM.

Alas! I wiſh it was poſſible.

Lady MANNERS.

The Anſwer is not very obliging, but I might expect it from you in your preſent Circumſtances.

Sir WILLIAM.

Ah! Madam, I aſk your Pardon; but I really don't know what I'm ſaying, I'm Diſtracted.

Lady MANNERS.

Don't make any Apology, 'tis what I expected.

Sir WILLIAM.

Madam, you deſerve all my Affection, I can't but ſee it, and I have often regretted that I was not ſufficiently ſenſible to your Charms.

Lady MANNERS.

The longer you ſtrive to pay me Compliments, the more you will mortify my Pride.

Sir WILLIAM.

And yet, Madam, I can have Recourſe to nobody but you; I muſt love you to puniſh the perfidious Lady *Changelove*.

Lady MANNERS.

No, Sir *William*, I know a Method of Revenge in which we will both find our Accounts much more. I have a Mind to puniſh Lady *Changelove*, but it ſhall be in ſuch a Manner as to reſtore you her Affections.

Sir WILLIAM.

How, Madam; do you think I have any Hopes of recovering the Heart of Lady *Changelove*.

Lady MANNERS.

I'll anſwer for it you ſhall recover her Affections, and that ſhe will Love you more than ever.

Sir

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Sir WILLIAM.

Can I poſſibly hope for ſo great a Happineſs?

Lady MANNERS.

Yes, yes, you may, and that without the Trouble of loving me.

Sir WILLIAM.

Well, I'll be directed by you.

Lady MANNERS.

Hold, I diſpence with your having a Paſſion for me, but 'tis upon Condition that you Counterfeit one.

Sir WILLIAM.

Oh! with all my Heart, I conſent to all the Conditions you ſhall think proper to propoſe.

Lady MANNERS.

Had ſhe a ſincere Affection for you?

Sir WILLIAM.

So I thought.

Lady MANNERS.

Was ſhe convinc'd that you had an equal Paſſion for her?

Sir WILLIAM.

I tell you I adore her, and ſhe is ſenſible of it.

Lady MANNERS.

So much the better.

Sir WILLIAM.

But with Regard to Sir *Arthur*, who has quitted you for her, what ſhall we do with him? ſhall we leave him Time to win the Heart of Lady *Changelove*?

Lady MANNERS.

If Lady *Changelove* thinks ſhe loves him ſhe is miſtaken, ſhe only wanted to win him from me: if ſhe thinks that ſhe loves you no longer, ſhe

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ſhe is out there too; ſhe neglects you thro' meer coquettry.

Sir WILLIAM.

That may very probably be the Caſe.

Lady MANNERS.

I am perfectly acquainted with my own Sex; leave all to me. But I ſee ſomebody coming, we ſhan't have Time to digeſt our Scheme. But be ſure to remember that you are to counterfeit Love to me, and that in ſuch a Manner as to appear in earneſt. Here comes your Rival, endeavour to appear indifferent to him. I have not Time to ſay more.

Sir WILLIAM.

You may depend upon me, I'll play my Part to Perfection. [*Exit Lady* Manners.

SCENE VII.

Sir ARTHUR *and Sir* WILLIAM.

Sir ARTHUR.

Sir *William*, your're the very Man I wanted.

Sir WILLIAM.

Pray Sir *Hardy* be as expeditious as poſſible, for I am quite hurried about an Affair that admits of no Delay.

Sir ARTHUR.

I ſhan't detain you a Moment, Sir *William*, you know I am your Friend; I come to entreat you to rid me of one Scruple.

Sir WILLIAM.

A Scruple!

Sir ARTHUR.

Yes, here is the Point, 'tis ſaid you Love Lady *Changelove*; now 'tis Doubt alone that cauſes my Uneaſineſs and the Caſe of Conſcience;

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ſcience; I conſult you upon Lies between a Yes and a No.

Sir WILLIAM.

I underſtand you, Sir *Arthur*, you'd fain have me love her no longer.

Sir ARTHUR.

You ſay right, Sir *William*, my Delicacy is picqued, and your Indifference for the Lady would be highly acceptable; you muſt know I love her myſelf.

Sir WILLIAM.

And does ſhe hear you favourably?

Sir ARTHUR.

I don't want Favour, ſhe only does Juſtice to my Merit.

Sir WILLIAM.

That's as much as to ſay ſhe likes you.

Sir ARTHUR.

Since I pay my Addreſſes to her 'tis unneceſſary to enquire farther. Pray, Sir *William*, ſpare my Modeſty.

Sir WILLIAM.

I ſhan't queſtion your Modeſty, as you give ſuch eminent Proofs of it; ſpeak without Reſerve, does ſhe love you?

Sir ARTHUR.

I tell you ſhe does, her Eyes have explain'd her Meaning, they ſollicit my Heart, they require an Anſwer, and I wait only for your Conſent.

Sir WILLIAM.

You have it if you will give me my Revenge.

Sir ARTHUR.

And who is to be the Object of this Revenge?

Sir

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Sir WILLIAM.

A Lady of your Acquaintance whoſe Eyes ſollicit my Heart in like Manner.

Sir ARTHUR

What, the lovely Eyes of Lady *Manners*, ſollicit your Heart, I ſuppoſe.

Sir WILLIAM.

You ſay right.

Sir ARTHUR.

And does the Connexion you imagine I have with her, check the Progreſs of your Amours?

Sir WILLIAM.

Undoubtedly.

Sir ARTHUR.

I give up my Pretenſions to you; you are at full Liberty to ſollicit her Heart in your Turn.

Sir WILLIAM.

You may depend upon it, Sir *Arthur*, I'll marry her.

Sir ARTHUR.

Marry her! marry her! you have my free Conſent.

Sir WILLIAM.

And ſo you'll marry Lady *Changelove*.

Sir ARTHUR.

My whole Hopes of Poſterity depend upon her.

Sir WILLIAM.

Then your're to be married very ſhortly.

Sir ARTHUR.

Perhaps To-morrow may be the laſt Day of our Celibacy.

Sir WILLIAM.

Farewel, I am very glad to hear it.

Sir ARTHUR

Give me your Hand; are we Friends?

Sir

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Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, yes, very good Friends.

Sir ARTHUR.

Our Friendſhip ſhall equal that of Pylades and Oreſtes; I inſure you mine for an Age, and when that is over we'll renew the Leaſe. Farewel. Believe me the moſt ſincere of your Friends.

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, yes, 'till to-morrow.

Sir ARTHUR.

I am your Friend for the preſent, the paſt, and the future, and you are equally mine without Doubt.

Sir WILLIAM.

I am, without Doubt. Farewel.

[*Exit Sir* William.

SCENE VIII. *Sir* ARTHUR *and* SHIFTWELL.

SHIFTWELL.

I thought it was my beſt Way to ſtay 'till he was gone out, Sir.

Sir ARTHUR.

What's your Buſineſs? I am quite impatient to ſee Lady *Changelove*.

SHIFTWELL.

But this is Buſineſs of Importance, Sir; I ſpoke to Lady *Manners* according to the Inſtructions you gave me.

Sir ARTHUR.

Well, did you inform her that I am in Love with Lady *Changelove?* What did ſhe ſay to that? be brief.

SHIFTWELL.

Why, Sir, ſhe ſays you do very well to follow your Inclinations.

Sir ARTHUR.

I ſhall take Care to follow her Advice.

SHIFT-

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SHIFTWELL.

But, Sir, you ſhould by all Means continue your Courtſhip of Lady *Manners*; viſit her and endeavour to keep her Love alive, otherwiſe you are dead, buried, and annihilated in her Memory.

Sir ARTHUR.

Ha! ha! ha!

SHIFTWELL.

You laugh at it, Sir, but give me Leave to tell you that 'tis no laughing Matter.

Sir ARTHUR.

What do I mind being annihilated in Lady *Manners*'s Memory. If I die in one Memory, I hope for a Reſurrection in another; don't I revive in the Memory of Lady *Changelove?*

SHIFTWELL.

Yes, Sir; but I am afraid you'll die in it one of theſe Days of a ſudden Death. Sir *William Fainlove* died in it of a mortal Caprice.

Sir ARTHUR.

No, no, he did not die in it of Caprice, 'twas I diſpatch'd him. I have diſpatch'd many more in the ſame Manner, *Shiftwell*. Lady *Changelove* has receiv'd me into her Heart, and there ſhe muſt keep me.

SHIFTWELL.

Love may ſometimes encamp in her Heart, but, I believe, he never takes up his Reſidence there.

Sir ARTHUR.

A Paſſion that I raiſe does not quickly end. Hope better of your Maſter's Fortune. If you knew me well you would not be diffident of my Succeſs.

SHIFTWELL.

Here comes *Phillis*, Sir, I wiſh you could prevail on her Miſtreſs to eſpouſe my Cauſe with her.

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SCENE IX.

Sir ARTHUR, PHILLIS, *and* SHIFTWELL.

PHILLIS.

Sir, my Miſtreſs wants you.

Sir ARTHUR.

I fly, *Phillis*; but try to reſtore this Dog to his Senſes; you have quite turn'd his Brain; he is mad with Love for you.

PHILLIS.

Why does he not make me his Confident?

SHIFTWELL.

Dear Mrs. *Phillis*, I love and adore you; now you know as much of the Matter as I do myſelf.

PHILLIS.

Take Heart, *Shiftwell*, there is no Love loſt; now you know more than you did before. [*To Sir* Arthur.] Sir, I'll return and tell my Miſtreſs that you're coming. Adieu, *Shiftwell*.

SHIFTWELL.

Adieu, dear Mrs. *Phillis*.

SHIFTWELL.

I ſee you're quite in the right, Sir, you bid fair for Succeſs; if I was as ſure of *Phillis* as you are of her Ladyſhip, I'd think myſelf an happy Man.

Sir ARTHUR.

Don't doubt of Succeſs, ſince your Suit is connected with mine.

No adverſe Fate could ever yet controul
The Enterprizes of a daring Soul;
Whilſt timid Wretches to their Fears give way,
The bold ſtill gain the Glory of the Day.

END *of the Firſt* ACT.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *Sir* WILLIAM *and* SPEED.

Sir WILLIAM.

COME hither, *Speed*, I have ſomething to ſay to you.

SPEED.

I wait your Commands, Sir?

Sir WILLIAM.

I ſee *Speed* that you are very aſſiduous in your Courtſhip of *Phillis*.

SPEED.

I had need be aſſiduous, Sir, to win her, for ſhe ſhuns me of late.

Sir WILLIAM.

Tell me, *Speed*, would you rather ſerve me than another?

SPEED.

Undoubtedly Sir; I am ſo much attach'd to your Intereſt, Sir, that I would promote it to the Prejudice of my own.

Sir WILLIAM.

If you prefer me to another Maſter, you muſt think no more of *Phillis*.

SPEED.

But, Sir, this is a private Affair of mine, though I pay my Court to Mrs. *Phillis*, I will not neglect your Service upon that Account.

Sir

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Sir WILLIAM.

No Matter, I forbid you to ſpeak to *Phillis*; 'tis my Pleaſure that you quit her, break with her, do you underſtand me?

SPEED.

Your Honour's Will is very oppoſite to mine in this Reſpect, why don't we agree upon the Point now as we did Yeſterday?

Sir WILLIAM.

Things have taken a new Turn ſince that Time; Lady *Changelove* might ſuſpect me of watching her Motions, and employing you to engage *Phillis* to diſcover them; ſo I deſire you will have no farther Connexion with her, I will amply recompence the Sacrifice you make me.

SPEED.

Alas! Sir, the Sacrifice will do my Buſineſs before the Reward comes.

Sir WILLIAM.

Let me have no Demurs, Mrs. *Betty*, Lady *Manners*'s Waiting-Maid is as good as *Phillis*, and you ſhall have her.

SPEED.

If I was to have Lady *Manners* herſelf into the Bargain, I would not be ſatisfied.

Sir WILLIAM.

You muſt however chuſe a Diſcharge, or Mrs. *Betty*.

SPEED.

I am greatly perplex'd in this Choice.

Sir WILLIAM.

If you do not follow my Orders, I'll turn you off this very Day, and 'tis only by following them you can make yourſelf regretted by *Phillis*.

SPEED.

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SPEED.

Regret me; there your Honour gives me ſome Hopes.

Sir WILLIAM.

Retire, I ſee Lady *Manners* coming.

SPEED.

I'll obey your Honour's Commands on Condition of being regretted by Mrs. *Phillis*.

Sir WILLIAM.

Be ſure to obſerve a profound Secreſy concerning theſe Orders which I give you, with Regard to *Phillis*; as you had my Conſent to marry her, it would be treating Lady *Changelove* with great Diſreſpect, to appear to oppoſe the Match; all you have to ſay is, that you love Mrs. *Betty* better than Mrs. *Phillis*.

SPEED.

I ſhall take Care to obſerve your Honour's Commands with the utmoſt Exactneſs.

Sir WILLIAM.

Very well, retire. [*Exit.* Speed.

SCENE II. *Lady* MANNERS *and Sir* WILLIAM.

Lady MANNERS.

Have you given proper Inſtructions to your Servant, Sir *William?*

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, Madam.

Lady MANNERS.

This Artifice may be of ſome Service, it will picque Lady *Changelove* when ſhe comes to hear of it.

Sir WILLIAM.

I have good Hopes, Madam, that we will be ſucceſsful. Lady *Changelove* already ſeems very much ſurprized at my Manner of behaving to her: She was ſo ſure of my Reproaches, that I have ſeen

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ſeen her upon the Point of aſking me why I did not upbraid her.

Lady MANNERS.

Depend upon it you will ſee her weep with Anguiſh, if you act your Part well.

Sir WILLIAM.

But how does Sir *Arthur* behave?

Lady MANNERS.

Don't ſpeak of him, let us unite our Endeavours to baffle him, and then let him act as he thinks proper. But I ſent one of my Servants to know whether I could ſee Lady *Changelove*, and here he comes with her Anſwer. [*To the Footman.* Well, can I ſee your Miſtreſs?

FOOTMAN.

Yes, Madam, ſhe's coming.

Sir WILLIAM.

I'll leave you, Madam. [*Exit Sir* William

SCENE III. *Lady* MANNERS *and Lady* CHANGELOVE

Lady CHANGELOVE.

As your Ladyſhip has ſent to deſire a private Converſation with me, I ſuppoſe you have Buſineſs of Importance to impart.

Lady MANNERS.

I have but one Queſtion to aſk your Ladyſhip, and as you are naturally ſincere, the Affair will be ſoon terminated.

Lady CHANGELOVE

I underſtand you, you think me inſincere, but your Panegyrick exhorts me to Sincerity; is it not ſo?

Lady MANNERS.

Your Ladyſhip is in the right; but will you be ſincere?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

In order to begin, I will own to you that I don't know whether I will or no.

Lady

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Lady MANNERS.

If I was to aſk you whether Sir *Arthur* loves you, would you tell me the Truth?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

No, Madam, I don't care to have any Difference with you, and you would hate me if I was to tell you the Truth.

Lady MANNERS.

I give you my Word and Honour that I will not.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You are not able to keep your Word: I ſhould myſelf diſpence with your adhering to it: There are Emotions that are too ſtrong for us.

Lady MANNERS.

But why ſhould I hate you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Is it not ſaid that Sir *Arthur* loves you?

Lady MANNERS.

Such a Report has been current.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

And perhaps you yourſelf gave Credit to that Report.

Lady MANNERS.

I own it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

And after that Confeſſion, ſurely you would not adviſe me to tell you that he loves me.

Lady MANNERS.

Is that all? I ſhould be glad to be rid of him; I wiſh ſincerely that he was in love with you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! if that be the Caſe, you may return Thanks to Heaven, your Vows could not be more favourably heard.

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Lady MANNERS.

I assure you, I am very glad to hear it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You make me uneasy; 'tis not but Sir *Arthur* is in the wrong, you are so amiable that no Body should have Eyes for another, but perhaps he was less attach'd to you than was generally thought.

Lady MANNERS.

No, he was greatly attach'd to me, but I excuse him; however amiable I may be, you are still more so; and you know better how to make Use of your Charms than any Body else.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I knew you would not keep your Word with me; however your Sarcasm does not displease me, it discovers your Jealousy, and that proves my Merit.

Lady MANNERS.

Does your Ladyship think I am jealous of you?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Sure you will not deny that a Compliment which ends by treating me as a Coquette, can proceed from nothing else; 'tis very easy to see it, Madam.

Lady MANNERS.

I don't know that I treated you as a Coquette, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

People often say such Things without knowing it.

Lady MANNERS.

But own the Truth, are not you a little jealous?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! yes to be sure; but don't deny yourself the Pleasure of saying I am excessively so; that will not prevent your being as jealous as I.

Lady

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Lady MANNERS.

I do not however give the ſame Proofs of it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

We never ſhew it but when we are ſucceſsful; the Want of Succeſs conceals much Coquettry.

Lady MANNERS.

I am ſure of Succeſs when ever I pleaſe; you'll ſee that, Madam, and perhaps you would not have Sir *Arthur*, if I had made any Account of his Heart.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Such Diſcourſe is always the laſt Refuge of diſappointed Vanity.

Lady MANNERS.

What Wager will you lay that this Adventure will not humble mine?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Do you hope to regain the Heart of Sir *Arthur*? if you do, I cede him to you.

Lady MANNERS.

You love him, no Doubt.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Not much, but I'll endeavour to love him more that he may reſiſt you better. One has Occaſion to exert one's Power to the utmoſt againſt ſuch a Rival.

Lady MANNERS.

Oh! be under no Apprehenſions; I give him up to you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Let's have no Difference about him; but let her that wins his Heart forgive the other.

Lady MANNERS.

So it ſeems then you're ſure of winning him.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I believe I ſhould be a little too hard for you.

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Lady MANNERS.

So you would give me Leave to win him if I could.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! take your Revenge; you have my Leave.

Lady MANNERS.

No, I have ſomething better in View.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Indeed! may one preſume to aſk you what?

Lady MANNERS.

Sir *William Fainlove* is no deſpicable Conqueſt, Madam. Farewel.

SCENE IV.

Lady CHANGELOVE alone.

What does ſhe think of depriving me of Sir *William*'s Heart! the Woman is certainly mad; Jealouſy has turn'd her Head, I really pity her.

SCENE V.

Lady CHANGELOVE *and Sir* WILLIAM.

[*Sir* William *entering, pretends to take Lady* Changelove *for Lady* Manners.

What, Madam! will you always urge vain Scruples to me? I aſk your Ladyſhip's Pardon, I really miſtook you for Lady *Manners*.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

'Tis no great Matter, Sir *William*. But what is this Scruple you ſpeak of?

Sir WILLIAM.

Madam, 'tis the Reſult of ſome Converſation which we had together.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

But upon what did this Scruple turn in the Converſation which you had together?

Sir

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Sir WILLIAM.

Madam; 'tis a Trifle not worth your Curiosity, I think she wanted to know what Place I held in your Affections.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I hope you had the Discretion not to inform her.

Sir WILLIAM.

Vanity is not one of my Foibles, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

No, but perhaps Sincerity may; and pray what did she mean by this Question?

Sir WILLIAM.

'Twas meerly the Effect of Curiosity, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I don't know what to make of this scrupulous Curiosity.

Sir WILLIAM.

Perhaps, Madam, when I thought I met her I might have made Use of the Term Scruple, without knowing why.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

This is but an indifferent come off for a Man of your Understanding, Sir *William*, without knowing why! there must be some Mystery at the Bottom of this.

Sir WILLIAM.

I see, Madam, that 'tis in vain for me to attempt to convince you of the contrary.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Your Evasions are pitiful.

Sir WILLIAM.

What! does your Ladyship still dwell upon that Trifle?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I thought, Sir *William*, I had more Influence over your Heart.

Sir

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Sir WILLIAM.

Madam, you will always have great Influence over it; but if your Influence is a little diminiſh'd, it is not my Fault; I'll leave you, however, leaſt I ſhould yield to the little that is left.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I never knew Sir *William* behave to me in ſuch a Manner before.

SCENE VI.

Lady CHANGELOVE *and Sir* ARTHUR.

Sir ARTHUR.

You ſeem thoughtful, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I am, Sir *Arthur*; we were talking of Marriage, but I think we muſt defer it.

Sir ARTHUR.

Defer it, Madam!

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Yes, for about a Fortnight.

Sir ARTHUR.

Lord, Madam! why that's a whole Age; and what can be the Cauſe of this Delay?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You ſhall know it another Time.

Sir ARTHUR.

This Uncertainty is enough to diſtract me; for God's ſake, Madam, let me know the Reaſon.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I would willingly defer it a few Days on Account of Sir *William* and Lady *Manners*; I ſee they are both under great Concern about it.

SCENE

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SCENE VII.

Lady CHANGELOVE, *Lady* MANNERS, *and Sir* ARTHUR.

Lady MANNERS.

Lady *Changelove*, I am inform'd that you defer your Marriage on my Account. I own the Obligation, but there is no Occaſion for any Delay. Conclude it this very Day; I myſelf preſs you to it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Tell me the Truth, Lady *Manners*, did you and Sir *William* commence Lovers to oblige me?

Lady MANNERS.

I hope, Madam, you have Reaſon to be pleas'd at it. [*Exit Lady* Manners.

SCENE VIII.

Lady CHANGELOVE *and Sir* ARTHUR.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Ha! ha! ha! ſhe can't ſtand it; the Raillery is too ſtrong for her. How Vanity makes Women play the ſtrangeſt Parts! Lady *Manners* counterfeits Satisfaction at the ſame Time that ſhe is ready to burſt with Jealouſy.

Sir ARTHUR.

Her Heart palpitates, I ſee that.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

A Thought comes into my Head; theſe little Tricks of Lady *Manners* deſerve to be puniſh'd. I'd be glad to ſee whether Sir *William*, who loves her to ſuch a Degree, will be inſenſible to what I intend to do. If he ſpeaks the Truth he muſt be ſo, and I wiſh he may; I have deviſed an infallible Method to know the real Truth. I have nothing to do but order *Phillis* to marry *Shiftwell*;

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well; she was intended for *Speed*, Sir *William's* Valet, and we were agreed about the Match. If Sir *William* makes no Objection to this, Lady *Manners* has represented Things as they really are, and I am the more at Liberty.

SCENE IX.

Sir WILLIAM, *Sir* ARTHUR, *and Lady* CHANGELOVE.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Come hither, Sir *William*, and let us talk a little of Lady *Manners*.

Sir WILLIAM.

With all my Heart, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Then pray tell me what she is now meditating.

Sir WILLIAM.

What has she done? I can't think there is any Thing amiss in her Proceedings.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I'll soon make that appear evidently to you, Sir *William*.

Sir WILLIAM.

You know her Prudence, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

You're an unceasing Panegyrist, Sir *William*. You must know then, Sir, that this Lady whom you praise so much, being jealous of me because Sir *Arthur* has quitted her, in order to attack me, has Recourse to little Artifices which are by no Means worthy of so incomparable a Lady as you represent her, and does not think it below her to engage a Valet to quit a Chamber-maid, to whom he had made a Promise of Marriage, and this because she knows we intend to marry them, and because I interest myself in the Match. In her Resentment she makes Use of Mrs. *Betty* to prevent

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vent it, and what ſurprizes me moſt is, to ſee that you yourſelf ſecond her in this Deſign.

Sir WILLIAM.

And do you imagine, Madam, that Lady *Manners* ever once thought that this would offend you? or could you think that I could believe you intereſted yourſelf any longer in the Match? No, Madam, *Speed* complain'd of the Infidelity of *Phillis*; a Maſter ſometimes can't help taking Part in the Misfortune of an honeſt Servant; and Lady *Manners*, in order to indemnify him, was ſo good as to offer him her Woman, Mrs. *Betty*; he very thankfully accepted her, and that's all, Madam.

Sir ARTHUR.

This Anſwer convinces me, I believe they neither had any malicious Purpoſe.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Hold a Moment, Sir *Arthur*, don't give us your Opinion 'till you are aſk'd it. Sir *William*, let me hear no more of this Love-Affair, for it diſpleaſes me. I flatter myſelf that this is ſaying enough.

Sir WILLIAM.

Hold, Madam, let us call ſomebody, perhaps my Servant is there. Hallo, *Speed*.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

What's your Deſign?

Sir WILLIAM.

Lady *Manners* is not far off, ſend to beg the Favour of her to come hither, and you may ſpeak to her yourſelf.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lady *Manners*! what Buſineſs have I with her? Is there any Occaſion for your conſulting her upon this Subject? I ſpeak to you; I tell you 'tis my Pleaſure that this Match ſhould not go forward.

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Sir WILLIAM.

But, Madam, I can come to no Reſolution without her: Could any Thing be more improper than to force my Servant to refuſe a Favour which ſhe granted him, and which he accepted. I can't think of behaving to her in ſuch a Manner.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

What! Sir, do you heſitate between Lady *Manners* and me? Think of what you are about.

Sir WILLIAM.

I have determin'd after mature Deliberation.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

In that Caſe we have nothing farther to ſay to each other. Sir *Arthur*, give me your Hand.

Sir ARTHUR.

Take it, Madam, and keep it forever.

Sir WILLIAM.

However, Madam, I had one Thing to aſk you, if you would be ſo good as to inform me.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Lord! Sir *William*, I don't know what to ſay.

Sir WILLIAM.

As you intend to marry Sir *Arthur*, Madam, I would be glad to know when we ſhall have the Pleaſure of ſeeing you united.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Perhaps, Sir, you may have that Pleaſure this very Evening.

Sir ARTHUR.

Dear Lady *Changelove!* Nothing can equal my Tranſport.

Sir WILLIAM.

Sir *Arthur*, give me Leave to felicitate you upon your Happineſs; I do it with the utmoſt Sincerity, you may be aſſured.

Lady CHANGELOVE aſide.

The unworthy Wretch!

Sir

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Sir WILLIAM aside.

She blushes!

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Is that all you have to say, Sir *William?*

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Come, let's go.

SCENE X.

Lady CHANGELOVE, *Lady* MANNERS, *Sir* WILLIAM, *Sir* ARTHUR, *and* SPEED.

Lady MANNERS.

Lady *Changelove*, I understand that I have offended you, and I come to ask Pardon for the Fault which I committed innocently, and in order to make you Satisfaction, I have brought Sir *William*'s Servant with me. *Speed*, When I promis'd you *Betty* I did not know that her Ladyship would take Offence at it, and now I must tell you that you should not reckon upon it any longer.

SPEED.

Then I acquit your Ladyship of the Obligation.

Lady CHANGELOVE to Sir WILLIAM.

Send away your Servant; and now, Madam, I myself sollicit you to keep your Promise with her; I shall even defray the Charges of their Wedding.

Sir WILLIAM to SPEED.

Go your Ways.

Lady MANNERS.

Are we good Friends now, Lady *Changelove?*

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! the best in the World.

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Sir WILLIAM.

Lady *Manners*, I muſt inform you of one Thing; and that is, that Lady *Changelove* and Sir *Arthur* will be married this Evening in all likelihood.

Lady MANNERS.

Indeed!

Sir ARTHUR.

The Evening is ſtill far off.

Sir WILLIAM.

Impatience is very proper upon ſuch an Occaſion. But as Lady *Changelove* and Sir *Arthur* are ſo near ſuch Happineſs, let us leave them to themſelves, and conſider what we have to do on our Part.

Lady MANNERS.

Lady *Changelove*, let me embrace you before we part. Sir *Arthur*, farewel; I Compliment you upon your good Fortune.

SCENE XI.

Lady CHANGELOVE *and Sir* ARTHUR.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I ſee you are much regretted, Sir *Arthur*; Lady *Manners* ſets a high Price upon your Heart.

Sir ARTHUR.

Oh! I can diſpence with that, when I think of this Evening.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Oh! this is too much!

Sir ARTHUR.

What! do you change your Mind?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Why I waver a little.

Sir

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Sir ARTHUR.

What do you intend?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I have formed a Deſign in which you muſt aſſiſt me; I'll let you into it juſt now. Don't be under any Apprehenſions, I am going to meditate upon it. Farewel, don't follow me. [*She goes out and returns.*] 'Tis even proper that you ſhould not ſee me immediately. I'll give you Notice when ever I have Occaſion for you.

Sir ARTHUR.

I am thunderſtruck, I ſee my Favour is upon the Decline. Lady *Changelove* puts me in Mind of what *Hamlet* ſays, *Frailty, thy Name is Woman.*

END *of the Second* ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Sir ARTHUR, PHILLIS, *and* SHIFTWELL.

Sir ARTHUR.

FOR God's ſake, Mrs. *Phillis*, intreat Lady *Changelove* to let me ſee her a Moment.

PHILLIS.

I can't ſpeak to her, Sir; ſhe is not ſtirring.

Sir ARTHUR.

Not ſtirring at this Time of Day!

SHIFTWELL.

Sir, I am juſt come from the Terrace, and I ſaw her walking in the Balcony.

PHILLIS.

What ſignifies that; every one has a peculiar Way of ſtirring and not ſtirring; pray, Sir, what is your Method?

Sir ARTHUR.

It ſeems you rally me, Mrs. *Phillis*.

SHIFTWELL.

I vow, Sir, I think ſo too.

PHILLIS.

Not at all, Sir, the Queſtion is very proper, and I propoſed it to you upon mature Deliberation.

Sir ARTHUR.

I even ſuſpect, Mrs. *Phillis*, that you are not in my Intereſt.

SHIFT-

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SHIFTWELL.

I ſuſpected it myſelf before, Sir, but now I am ſure of it.

PHILLIS.

Mr. *Shiftwell*, I admire your Penetration.

Sir ARTHUR.

'Tis juſt as I ſaid; Lord why ſhould I wiſh well to you whilſt you are my Enemy? why ſhould my Diſpoſition be ſo friendly with regard to you, whilſt you refuſe me a Return? Why do our Sentiments thus differ?

PHILLIS.

I proteſt I can't ſay; I ſuppoſe 'tis becauſe Variety has Charms.

SHIFTWELL.

I ſuppoſe you love Variety with regard to me likewiſe.

PHILLIS.

Yes, if you love me ſtill, if not I am for Uniformity.

Sir ARTHUR.

Deal honeſtly, confeſs you don't do me good Offices with your Miſtreſs.

PHILLIS.

To tell you the Truth, Sir *Arthur*, I don't eſpouſe your Cauſe with Zeal.

Sir ARTHUR.

You endeavour then to leſſen me in her Eſteem.

PHILLIS.

I do, to the utmoſt of my Power, for I would not have her love you; I own it, I never deceive any Body.

SHIFTWELL.

This is plain dealing at leaſt.

Sir ARTHUR.

Come, come, Mrs. *Phillis*, let us be Friends.

PHIL-

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PHILLIS.

No, Sir *Arthur*, rather follow my Example and hate me in your Turn.

Sir ARTHUR.

I am determin'd you ſhall be my Friend, I have reſolved to make you ſo, and I am ſure of Succeſs.

PHILLIS.

You'll find it very difficult to keep your Word with yourſelf.

SHIFTWELL.

Your Honour ſhould conſider that there are Enmities which never ceaſe without paying for it.

Sir ARTHUR.

Mrs. *Phillis*, I'd be glad to know what Sum you Rate your Friendſhip at.

PHILLIS.

I'd have you to know, Sir *Arthur*, that I don't ſet my Friendſhip to ſale to be diſpoſed of to the beſt Bidder. I am not mercenary.

[*Sir Arthur Offers her his Purſe.*]

PHILLIS.

Sir *Arthur*, I won't take your Money; it would be robbing you, as I am determined not to ſerve you.

Sir ARTHUR.

Come take it, Mrs. *Phillis*, and only tell me how your Miſtreſs ſtands affected.

PHILLIS.

No, Sir *Arthur*, I'll only tell you how I would have her ſtand affected. Are you deſirous to know that?

SHIFTWELL.

You have already told us that ten times over, Mrs. *Phillis*.

Sir ARTHUR.

Has not ſhe form'd ſome new Deſign?

PHILLIS.

Lord! who does not form new Deſigns? People are always forming new Deſigns. For Example,

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ample, I have just form'd a Design of leaving you.

Sir ARTHUR.

Come, let's go, *Shiftwell*, I find my Passion beginning to rise.

SCENE II.

Sir WILLIAM *and Lady* MANNERS.

Lady MANNERS.

I'm inform'd, Lady *Changelove* has sent for you.

Sir WILLIAM.

She has, you see what an Agitation she is in.

Lady MANNERS.

And you are no Doubt impatient to yield to her.

Sir WILLIAM.

Lord! Madam, can I be cruel to her I love?

Lady MANNERS.

We are very near carrying our Point, but we shall certainly fail if you be too hasty. Don't impose upon yourself, the Steps Lady *Changelove* has hitherto taken are far from being decisive; 'tis by no Means certain that they proceed from her Love; she may very probably be rather jealous at seeing me preferr'd, than desirous of recovering your Heart; she perhaps would be glad to triumph over us both, and then laugh at us. We have taken all proper Measures, let us persist till the Settlement, as we have already resolv'd; 'tis that Moment that will shew whether she loves you or not. Love has Symptoms peculiar to itself, and so has Pride; Love mourns its Loss, Pride despises what is deny'd it: lets wait till she sighs at losing you, or scorns you for forsaking her; persevere to this Proof, for the Interest of your love. Mrs. *Phillis* is come, by Lady *Changelove*'s

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Orders, to ſpeak with you, diſpatch her as ſoon as poſſible, and then come to me again.

Sir WILLIAM.

I tremble at the Thoughts of carrying Things ſo far, however, your Advice is reaſonable and I ſhall follow it.

Lady MANNERS.

I myſelf act a Part which is by no Means agreeable, and which will be ſtill leſs ſo at the Concluſion; for I muſt endeavour to make up for the little Reſolution which you diſcover. But what will not a Woman do for the ſake of Revenge!

A Woman ſtill enjoys ſincere Delight
When ſhe in Love ſucceeds, or wreaks her Spight.

SCENE IIId. and Laſt.

Lady MANNERS, *Sir* WILLIAM, *Lady* CHANGELOVE, *Sir* ARTHUR, SHIFTWELL, *and* SPEED.

Lady MANNERS.

Lady *Changelove*, I ſee nothing preparatory to your Marriage with Sir *Arthur!* When does your Ladyſhip intend to compleat his Happineſs?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Whenever you think proper Madam; 'tis from you I aſk it; his Happineſs is at your Direction, you are the Arbiter of his Fate.

Lady MANNERS.

I, Madam, if you would be directed by me, you would marry him this very Evening, and our Marriage ſhall be celebrated at the ſame Time with yours.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Your Marriage! with whom, Madam? is there any Body come to marry you?

Lady

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Lady MANNERS.

He does not come from far, for there he is. [*Shewing Sir* William.

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, Madam, Lady *Manners* honours me with her Hand, and as we happen to be at your Houſe, we aſk it as a Favour that you would let the Marriage be celebrated in it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

No, Sir *William*, tho' 'tis doing me a great Honour, I have Reaſon to think that Heaven reſerves you for another Fate.

Sir ARTHUR.

Things have taken a Turn entirely new, I am again to fall to Lady *Manners*'s Lot, and Lady *Changelove* to Sir *Williams*.

Lady MANNERS.

No, no, Things ſhall continue in their preſent State.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Give me Leave to ſpeak, Madam, I deſire to be heard, I muſt now come to an Eclariſſment. Sir *Arthur*, 'tis proper to undeceive you, you imagin'd I lov'd you, and indeed the Manner in which I receiv'd you, might make you think I did: But you were impoſed upon by that Reception, I was not in Earneſt: My Love for Sir *William* continued the ſame, and if I counterfeited a Liking for you, it was only to make Trial of the Sincerity of his Paſſion: You have beſtow'd your Heart upon me in vain; you Love me, and I am ſorry for it; but your Paſſion promoted my Deſign. Lady *Manners*, you have ſome Reaſon to complain of Sir *Arthur*; he has been guilty of ſome Inconſtancy towards you, I muſt confeſs, but his Fault is excuſable; and I do not derive any Va-

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nity from having depriv'd you of him for a Time; he did not yield to my Charms, but to my Addreſs. As for you, Sir *William*, you have but ill requited me for being ſollicitous to put your Love to the Proof. The Delicacy of Sentiment, which was my Motive, ſhould not have been ſo hardly interpreted; but perhaps your Proceeding is more the Effect of Reſentment than want of Affection: I, indeed, carried Things a little too far, and perhaps that impos'd upon you; I don't care to be too ſecure in my Judgment of you, I ſhut my Eyes to your Conduct, and grant you a free Pardon.

Lady MANNERS.

Ha! ha! ha! If you'd be advis'd by me, Madam, you'd carry your Generoſity a little farther, and forgive Sir *William* the Marriage which is going to unite us.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Sir *William*, you loſe me for ever if you heſitate a Moment.

Sir ARTHUR.

I beg to be heard in my Turn, I have loſt Lady *Manners*, and it would be unreaſonable in me to complain. In a Word, I was falſe, I own it, but I am ſincere, and I boaſt of it. I might, if I pleas'd, make Repriſals, and tell Lady *Changelove*, that my Paſſion for her was counterfeited, but I ſcorn ſuch Artifices. However, I muſt now explain myſelf; I lov'd Lady *Changelove*, but I adored Lady *Manners*. Sir *William*, Lady *Changelove* reſtores you her Affections; poſſeſs her, and thank Heaven for having given you the moſt amiable of Women; you have won her; in loſing her I ſuffer the moſt immenſe of Loſſes; and, to conclude, I am the moſt ungrate-

ful,

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ful, the moſt falſe, and the weakeſt Man upon Earth.

Lady MANNERS.

I ſhall add nothing to what Sir *Arthur* has ſaid, he has done himſelf Juſtice.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I have ſufficiently explain'd myſelf, Sir *William*.

Lady MANNERS.

Sir *William* and I Love one another in good Earneſt, there is now no Remedy for it, Lady *Changelove*; and ſurely two forſaken Lovers have a Right to repair their Loſs elſewhere: Endeavour both to forget us, you know how to do it, and you will find it eaſier now than before. [*To the Notary.*] Come hither, Sir, here is the Contract which we are to ſign. Undoubtedly, Sir *William*, Lady *Changelove* will be ſo good as to witneſs it.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

What are Things ſo far advanced!

Lady MANNERS.

You ſee they are, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I ſpeak to Sir *William*, Madam.

Sir WILLIAM.

To me, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Is this your Contract with Lady *Manners?*

Sir WILLIAM.

Yes, Madam.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I could never have thought it!

Lady MANNERS.

We flatter ourſelves that your Marriage will be celebrated with ours. Sir *Arthur*, won't you witneſs our Contract too.

Sir

Sir ARTHUR.

I have forgot how to write. [*Lady* Manners *to the Notary.*] Give her Ladyſhip the Pen.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Give me the Pen, Sir. [*She ſigns the Contract precipitately, and throws away the Pen.*] Perfidious Man! [*She ſwoons away in the Arms of* Phillis. *Sir* William *throwing himſelf at her Feet.*] My dear Lady *Changelove!*

Lady MANNERS.

Sir *William*, the Farce is at an End, you ſee you are the favour'd Lover.

SPEED.

This is a happy Concluſion, Mrs. *Phillis.*

PHILLIS.

I am perfectly ſatisfied with it. [*Lady* Changelove *coming to herſelf.*] What! Sir *William* at my Feet!

Sir WILLIAM.

And more in love than ever.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

Riſe then, you love me ſtill, Sir *William.*

Sir WILLIAM.

Dear Madam, I never ceas'd to love you.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

But what ſays Lady *Manners* to this?

Sir WILLIAM.

'Tis to Lady *Manners* I owe the Recovery of your Heart, this is a Stratagem of hers.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I revive; Lord how much Grief have you occaſioned me! how could you counterfeit ſo long!

Sir WILLIAM.

'Twas Love alone that gave me Power to feign; I hop'd to recover your Affections.

Lady

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Lady CHANGELOVE.

Where is Lady *Manners?* Let me embrace her. [*Lady* Manners *comes up and embraces Lady* Changelove.] Are we good Friends now, Madam?

Lady CHANGELOVE.

To you I am obliged for all my Happineſs. [*Sir* William *kiſſes Lady* Changelove's *Hand.*]

Lady MANNERS.

As for you, Sir *Arthur*, I adviſe you to pay your Addreſſes elſewhere; it does not ſeem probable that any Body preſent will accept your Hand.

Lady CHANGELOVE.

I muſt prevail upon you to forgive him, Madam, otherwiſe our Joy would not be compleat.

Lady MANNERS.

I allow him half a Year to make Atonement.

Sir ARTHUR.

I only deſired to have a Term allotted, 'tis my Buſineſs to avail myſelf of it.

Sir WILLIAM.

To try the Lover is a dangerous Part,
They often looſe who trifle with a Heart;
Ladies, in Love-Affairs no Mode purſue,
But chuſe one Lover and to him be true.

FINIS.

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EPILOGUE.

HOW could our Poet treat this threadbare Paſſion!
Love A-la-Mode; *why Loves quite out of Faſhion.*
One Thing indeed extenuates his Guilt,
He drawn the Picture of an errant Jilt;
His Men and Women both uſe fraudful Art,
With Care conceal the Paſſions of their Heart,
And counterfeit the ardent Lover's Part.
Since ſuch the Plan, the Piece will ſurely pleaſe,
The Ladies hence will learn to change with Eaſe.
The Men will learn in ſpight of Female Charms,
To turn againſt the Fair their dangerous Arms;
Yet leaſt our Piece to grave Men give Offence,
To wit we do not ſacrifice good Senſe.
Critics muſt own a uſeful Moral reigns
Thro' the whole Tenour of our Comic Scenes:
That we obey poetic Juſtice Laws,
And ſtill are faithful to fair Virtue's Cauſe.
No Breach of Modeſty herein is ſhewn;
Now Poets praiſe themſelves, but praiſe alone.
And ſure what by the Public is deny'd,
May well be by the Bards Self-love ſupplied.

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